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Faith and Genius.

LIKE the great sun that, at the close of day,
Grows beautifully golden in the glow
Of his own radiant splendor ere he go
Beyond our ken his never-changing way;
Like the soft twilight, or the lessening ray,
That preludes deeper darkness, when the low,
Sweet voice of birds is stilled, and brighter grow
The myriad flashes of the fire-flies' play.

A man of faith and genius waxeth great,
Broader and broader spreads his soul's broad view,
Till men bow low in reverence,—yea, in awe.
The end, indeed, must come, when satiate
With earth's green bays he bids the world adieu,
And leaves but flickerings of the beams we saw.
J. B.

Macbeth and Œdipus Tyrannus.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.



CAREFUL and thoughtful reader of the classic Greek dramas of Sophocles and the plays of Shakspeare can scarcely fail to be impressed by the striking similarity between "Œdipus Tyrannus" and "Macbeth." A superficial reader would never discover this similarity, for it lies beneath the surface, and only careful study will bring it out. Nevertheless, this resemblance does exist and in the very moving spirit of each play. They both have the same underlying thought, both treat of the same great element in human life. This element is that of fatality.

As we consider man and his life on earth, it often appears to us that there is some all-ruling force carrying him irresistibly toward his

appointed end. This force is called fate or destiny. It appears to be such an important factor in human existence that it is not strange the pagan Greek and the Christian Englishman should both have thought it worthy of dramatization. Of course, they treat it in different manners—Sophocles as a pagan and Shakspeare from the standpoint of a Christian—nevertheless, the same element forms the predominating thought in the two plays.

Œdipus, the hero of Sophocles, is, by nature, a virtuous man; but the Fates have destined him to commit horrible crimes and to be the victim of his own justice and honesty of heart. He is carried on by an irresistible force toward his ruin, and nothing can save him. Macbeth, on the other hand, is a criminal at heart, even before he murders his king and benefactor. His destiny is revealed to him, and instead of struggling against it, as Œdipus did, he assists in bringing it into effect, even though in so doing he becomes guilty of crime after crime. He makes himself, and not Fate, the cause of his guilt. He brings his punishment upon himself, for he has the chance to resist temptation, but does not do so. So long as Fate favors him he aids it, and it is not until affairs begin to go contrary to his own interests that he turns against it.

This idea of a man being the author of his own fortune, even though the end is known to supernatural beings beforehand, is the Christian idea of fatality or Providence. The pagans believed that no matter how virtuous a man may be, his end is determined and no act of his can change it. Both plays depend, in a great measure, upon supernatural revelations, which shape the development of the plot.

The story of Macbeth is so well known that only a few hints are necessary to recall it,

and to show how the element of fatality runs through it as a basis upon which the entire action is built up. The witches hail Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor and him "that shall be king hereafter." He is already Thane of Glamis and without his knowledge has been made Thane of Cawdor. On hearing the salutations of the witches his ambition is aroused, and the announcement that he has been made Thane of Cawdor adds fuel to his heart already on fire with ambition. He plans to make the third prophecy come true, and, to make sure of its fulfilment, he murders Duncan, the king. After Macbeth becomes king he is not easy. The witches have also hailed Banquo as the father of kings, and this causes Macbeth to fear for his own throne. So far he has assisted fate because it has been favorable to him; now it has turned, or is about to turn, against him, and he resists it, but with the same wicked means with which he formerly assisted it. He murders Banquo and endeavors to murder Fleance, Banquo's son, but Fleance escapes him. Still fearing, and troubled more than ever by the escape of Fleance, Macbeth again consults the witches. They evoke evil spirits which tell Macbeth to beware of Macduff, the Thane of Fife, and then reassure him with these prophecies:

"Laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

Macbeth takes courage on hearing this, but still he fears:

"Then live, Macduff. What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of *fate*: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder."

But Macduff escapes him and flees into England where he joins Malcolm, the son of Duncan. They with English forces come against Macbeth. They besiege him in Dunsinane castle where he has fortified himself. Macbeth tries to be courageous and relies on the assurances of the spirits. Malcolm, in order to approach near the castle without detection, orders each of his soldiers to cut a branch from Birnam wood and bear it before him towards Dunsinane. Macbeth hears that the wood is moving, and he feels the ground slipping from beneath his feet. In desperation he sallies forth to attack the oncoming army. He relies on the last prophecy and is bold as a lion. But in a

deserted place he meets Macduff. Macduff challenges him to fight, and forces Macbeth to defend himself. After fighting some time Macbeth cries:

"Thou lovest labor. . . .
I bear a charmed life which must not yield
To one of woman born."

Macduff answers:

"Despair thy charm,
And let the angel which thou still hast served,
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd."

At this Macbeth loses all hope, loses courage and his nerves give way. Macduff presses him close and at last kills him.

Macbeth is a villain by nature. He does not try to escape fate, even though he knows that fate will make him an inhuman monster. In this, *Œdipus* acts in an entirely contrary manner. *Œdipus* flees from his home and country to escape from destiny and does all in his power to avoid crime. He becomes unjust and unkind at times, but it is only because he imagines that others are plotting against him. He is a man wise and good—but with a few human faults—hurried on by an irresistible force to commit terrible but involuntary crimes. The play is the picture of a man struggling with the gods. *Œdipus* does all that man can do to live an honest and virtuous life, but the gods are against him; and what is the strength of man in comparison with that of the gods!

Œdipus is the son of Laius and Jocasta, the king and queen of Thebes. It has been foretold to Laius that he would die by the hand of a son born to him and Jocasta. Therefore *Œdipus*, three days after his birth, is given to a shepherd who is ordered to make away with him. The peasant has a tender heart, and so gives the boy to a fellow shepherd, who bears *Œdipus* to Corinth. There Polybus, the king, adopts the boy and brings him up as his own son.

Œdipus grows to manhood thinking himself the son of Polybus. One day he is accused of being but the adopted son of the king; he consults an oracle to learn the truth. The oracle does not tell him what he wishes to learn, but informs him that he will slay his father and wed his own mother. Filled with horror *Œdipus* flees from Corinth that he may not be guilty of such crimes—for he thinks that the king and queen are really his parents. Then by the irony of fate he does the very thing he tries to escape. While journeying along he kills an old man and his servants, who insult him and who dispute the right of way. Coming shortly afterwards to Thebes he destroys the

terrible Sphinx by solving her riddle, and in so doing he wins the gratitude and love of the Thebans. The grateful citizens make him king, and give him Jocasta, the widow of Laius, in marriage.

Œdipus reigns wisely and well for a number of years and then a terrible plague falls on the city. Œdipus as a kind and solicitous king sends Creon, his brother-in-law, to consult the oracle of Apollo that he may learn the cause of the heavenly wrath. The action of the play opens while Œdipus and his people are awaiting the return of Creon. The message of the oracle is that the city is accursed on account of the presence within it of the slayer of Laius, and unless the murderer is either banished or put to death the plague must continue. Œdipus in his zeal for the welfare of his subjects tries to seek out the murderer and heaps terrible curses upon him. Tiresias, an old soothsayer, is consulted, and he implies, after a great deal of hesitation, that Œdipus himself is the guilty man. Œdipus, thinking that Creon and Tiresias are in league to dethrone him, flies into a rage and insults the old man. Then Tiresias makes this terrible denunciation against the murderer of Laius:

"He shall be blind instead of seeing; a wanderer in strange lands, finding his way with a staff. No longer rich, a beggar he shall be. Brother of his own children and at the same time their sire, he shall be the son and husband of his mother and rival and slayer of his father."

Œdipus, not fearing for himself, diligently seeks the murderer, though Jocasta begs him to disregard the words of the oracle. The action of the play is rapid. Proof after proof is brought forward till at last the horrible truth stares Œdipus in the face. He is the son of Laius and Jocasta, the old man he killed was Laius; he himself is the object of his own curses; he himself is the man old Tiresias has so terribly denounced. Jocasta is not able to endure the horrible truth. She rushes into her chamber and puts an end to her life. Œdipus follows her and, finding her dead, takes the golden clasps of her cloak and with them gouges out his own eyes. Then begging Creon's forgiveness and giving him the kingdom, Œdipus bids his children farewell and sets out into a dark, cheerless exile.

The irony of fate is well brought out by Sophocles, in making Œdipus flee from Corinth to escape the crimes destined to him and in so fleeing to do just what had been decreed. The efforts of Œdipus to find the accursed murderer of Laius is also treated in a grim, ironical manner. The very virtue of Œdipus causes his ruin and all his good deeds are accessory to

his downfall. This is a purely pagan view of fatality, and Shakspeare would never have treated it in the same way.

A comparison of these two plays is interesting, if for no other reason than to examine the methods of treatment and the views of the two great dramatists. Shakspeare, the greatest dramatist of any age, and Sophocles, who, if not the greatest, was among the greatest of the Greek playwrights. But it is the development of the pagan and Christian ideas of fatality that gives the most interest to the comparison. The two dramas will live forever, for the underlying thought in both of them will ever remain the same, as long as men are men, and as long as the element of fate remains as a factor in human life.

"J. Longworth & Son."

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

I.

Joe Longworth came to work at our house when I was a very small boy, and one of the happiest recollections of my early youth is my friendship for Joe. His chief duties were to keep up the fires in winter and in summer to take care of the lawn, and as his labors did not require all of his time, we were much together. He was a big, handsome fellow, and I was very fond of him, while he in turn seemed really to love me. Often on winter evenings, I would steal away from the family circle in the library and go out to the kitchen to seek the more congenial society of Joe and his satellites—the cook and the housemaid—and there I would sit on his lap, and he and I and the other two would form a circle round the fire and talk till bed-time. Joe and I used also to take drives together, and in one of our expeditions we went out to Bremen, a small village about eight miles from town. As we drove up the main street of the little place, we came to what appeared to be a deserted shop of some sort, and Joe stopped the horse in front of it, gazed for a few moments at the small building, then turned to me and asked:

"Mr. Charlie, can you read that sign over the door of that shop there?" I had not noticed it before he spoke, and glancing toward it now I saw in rather faded letters, "J. Longworth & Son."

"Is that you, Joe?" I asked, still looking at the sign.

"No, Mr. Charlie, but I sometimes think it ought to be. You see my father was the blacksmith," he continued. "And I bein' his only son he thought that I ought to be partners with him in business, and so he had that sign made even before I was big enough to read it, and then when I did grow up and was going to be his partner—well, he died, and I went to live with you folks, and there it is." He paused, and we both gazed at the sign for some minutes as though we expected "J. Longworth" to appear therefrom and chat to us awhile; but as nothing of the sort occurred, Joe continued: "Now, Mr. Charlie, I sometimes get a thinkin' over the matter, and rememberin' how my father always talked of makin' me a blacksmith and havin' me partners with him; and I kinder think that it would be natural for me to learn the trade and set up here, and then if I ever had a son why he could come in with me and we would be 'J. Longworth & Son' like the sign reads." When Joe had finished speaking, and after a farewell gaze at the sign, we drove on, and all the way home we talked of the blacksmith's shop and of the many advantages to be derived from being a blacksmith.

Of course, I expressed my intention of taking up the trade immediately, so as to go into partnership with Joe; and although he only smiled at this and said that I had better wait until I was older, yet I was not at all discouraged, and that night I dreamed of horses and horse-shoes and bellows to my heart's content.

A few days after this, Joe had a talk with my father on the subject, and got from him a letter of recommendation which he used to secure an apprenticeship at some blacksmith shop in the city. And so he came to tell me that in two weeks he would have to leave me, and the thought of it made us both sad. But each pledged the other his lasting friendship, and Joe promised that he would come often to see me. He kept his promise pretty well and would come not unfrequently. We would sit about the kitchen stove as of old, and he would tell me how he was getting on, and when he hoped to start in his own shop. I noticed that he never came on a Sunday night and once I asked him why it was; he blushed at the question, great strong fellow as he was, and the cook afterwards told me that meant that Joe "had a girl."

And so time went on, and in a year or two Joe was graduated a blacksmith, and soon opened his own little shop in Bremen. He was married not long after, and in the course of time

I heard of the "arrival,"—as the county paper had it,—“of a son and heir at the home of Mr. Joseph Longworth.” Joe was very proud and happy over this new dignity, and his chief outward demonstration was to have the old sign repainted in brilliant colors, so that "J. Longworth & Son" could now be seen a square away. Joe named the boy for me, and also made me godfather. When I announced the latter honor at home, my sister remarked: "What irony," but then girls do not always mean what they say. Two years after this, at the age of sixteen, I started off to college, and when I went out to say good-bye to Joe, the poor fellow seemed really affected.

"We'll miss you a lot, Mr. Charlie," he said holding my hand, "and when you are off there at your college, I hope you'll sometimes think of me, and remember that you have a true friend in Joe Longworth."

"I know that, old man, and I'll not forget you, and you must not forget me," I answered, and then having said good-bye to "Mrs Joe" and to my little namesake, I took my departure.

Joe in his bright little home with his good wife and child was certainly a perfect picture of a happy and contented man, and I thought then how few persons with social position and wealth were as completely happy as was simple Joe the blacksmith. I saw him occasionally during my vacations, and he was ever the same big-hearted, contented fellow. One day, however, in the summer after my sophomore year, when I went out to see Joe, I was surprised to find him worried and unhappy. It appeared that his boy was sick and Joe was troubled about him. I offered some words of cheer, but he seemed not to notice them and after gazing intently into his furnace fire for some minutes, he turned to me and said: "Mr. Charlie, I think more of that boy than I do of my life, and if anything should happen to him I couldn't live." He had scarcely ceased speaking when who should enter the shop but the boy in question. I was astonished to see him after Joe's dismal state of mind over his supposed illness, and I cried out: "Well, the boy is not dead yet, Joe!"

The little lad came into the shop, walked up and greeted me, and then went over and kissed his father. He was certainly a fine child, large, bright and handsome, and although he was only four years old I could see that he resembled his father. When I rose to go, I left Joe there with the boy he loved so dearly, and as I drove away, happy in each other's company they waved me farewell.

II.

I had finished my college course, and busy with my law work had not of late seen much of Joe. His wife had died the year I was graduated, and I went once to offer my sympathy. He was sorely grieved over her death, but found great consolation in his boy whom if possible he loved more than ever before. I told the good fellow when I left him that day that I would drive out often to see him, but that if for any reason he should need me that he should send me word and I would come to him. Of course, I did not get out very often, and I had not seen or heard of Joe for some time, until one evening a man drove hurriedly up to our house, asked to see me, and when I stepped out, he introduced himself as Mr. Snyder of Bremen, and told me that Joe Longworth's boy was dying; that Joe was desperate with grief, and so knowing my friendship for Joe he had come for me. I went immediately with the man, and we drove out to Bremen. It was a calm moonlight night, and driving up the street past Joe's shop, I could see quite plainly the sign, "J. Longworth & Son."

We reached the little house—the home once so happy and now so sad—and I entered and went to the room where the child lay dying. It was dimly lighted, but I could see my poor little namesake there in his father's arms, and the shadow of death was upon him. There were several persons standing about who withdrew when I entered. Joe looking up for a moment saw that it was I, and murmured: "Are you here? Thank you, Mr. Charlie, thank you." But his attention was drawn immediately back to the child who was going fast. I cannot bear to recall that death scene; to hear Joe crying in his anguish "Don't leave me, boy, don't leave me!" I stood spell-bound and heard the awful cries; I saw the strong man sway and quiver and clasp his beloved child to his breast. Then there was a pause and we bowed our heads, and the innocent spirit faded into the spirit land. When it was all over, Joe laid the body of his son down upon the bed; he was silent and still for a moment, and then he rose. His face once bright and smiling was now cold and blank; his eyes once merry and laughing were now without light or color. He looked at me, then gave a gesture of despair toward the body of the child. "Joe," I said, and my words sounded strange in this silent chamber of death, "Joe, God made you a good and strong man, and you must now accept what He sends you and bear up under the burden."

"Mr. Charlie, you tell me to do too much, and I can't do it. If God wants my boy He must take me also," and saying this the grief-stricken man walked towards the door, still staring blankly as though in a daze.

"Joe," I demanded, "where are you going?"

"I am going, sir, to go where my boy is, I can't stay here without him."

"Joe Longworth," and my voice was stern, "your boy is in Heaven; a man that takes his own life is a sinner and a coward and can never go there."

He heard what I said and knew it to be true; he stopped for a moment, hesitated, then fell on his knees by the death-bed of his child; he looked up and his faltering voice broke the stillness: "Oh! God," he cried, "I give my boy to You in Heaven, and I will lead a good life here, and when You take me, may I find my boy waiting for me there in life everlasting."

And now should you go to Bremen, and on a Sunday attend High Mass at the quaint little church, you would see in the very first pew a tall, strong, handsome man who is not very old, but whose hair is quite gray; he kneels and reads his prayers devoutly, and should you ask who he is, anyone could tell you that that is Joe Longworth, the blacksmith. The blacksmith's shop still stands; the smith is a quiet, hard-working man. Time and rain and weather have dimmed the sign over the door, but one can still read upon it "J. Longworth & Son."

In Motley Clad.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, 97.

Vanity and self-conceit are the attributes of which sex? This is a question which is coming up in the course of very many lives, and has been I suppose, for many past centuries, but it has not yet been answered. If it is put in its present form, it will most likely remain unanswered, unless some unprejudiced person can be found who shall act as judge. Some people seem to regard it as a mere feather which will take any direction, just as they choose to blow upon it; but should they try, they will find that they have a much weightier thing than a feather to be rid of, which will not even tremble at all the strength they may bring to bear upon it, let alone its fluttering at the impulse of their breath.

Others, who have, unconsciously, most to do

with the question, and whose actions and manners are the greatest proofs of its real existence, are disposed to consider it the trifling complaint of some dissatisfied mortal or other, and never give a thought to it.

It was this which bade Thackeray name his novel "Vanity Fair,"—for it all turns upon vanity, no matter in what manner we put the question. Men write and speak about the conceit of women; women point with equal scorn to the affectation and stolid, overbearing pride of men. One half of the world blames the other half, while the whole of it is more or less diseased. When all has been thought of—taking in our own actions and self-concerning ideas—it is best to take this view of Thackeray's as true: "We have talked of Joseph Sedley as being as vain as a girl. Heaven help us! The girls have only to turn the tables, and say of one of their own sex, 'She is as vain as a man,' and they will have perfect reason." This might be a bit startling to some who have imagined their position on the side of the male half to be impregnable; but it is quite true, though for many years women have been considered the most at fault.

I have no doubt that many men, young and old, turned upon this passage with something of ferocity, and drew a blue pencil through it as being an unhappy mistake of the author. I believe, too, that more than one lady tittered with delight at seeing their cause thus defended. They are the best abused in regard to this question, and when one from the enemy's ranks comes over and places their cause upon an equal with his own, they are willing to think that victory is in their hands, and that all blame is removed from them. As a matter of fact, they are just as guilty as ever. Thackeray only says that one is as much to blame as the other. Yet, what importance has it all? Whether the feminine sex are successful in their way of accusing, or the masculine sex frees itself from the charge, or whether both are at fault—which is most likely the case—it has very little bearing upon the affairs of the world.

It does not seem that, as time progresses, there has been any attempt at clearing the race from this failing, and there will be no work to this effect in the future. The longer it is talked about, the more is the world proving its own conceit. There are some few, perhaps, who can bear up under the charge and come forth from the trial untainted; but most of these, if not all, are old, and have seen enough of life to know that there is very little to be gained even were

vain hopes granted. Even those actions of our youthful days which sprang from vanity, we now look upon as being more of a disadvantage than an advantage, and we look upon the time thus spent to have been useless, except for the experience it brings. Yet, we go on doing such acts up to the very end of our days.

There are some people, however, who are born in such an air of vanity that, from their first day to their last, they do not even think they harbor such a fault—children of the nobility, for whom is waiting the renown descended from their parents, and which is attached to them at the moment they are ushered into life. They are taught to look upon themselves as the best of the people on the earth. In this, perhaps, the men are not so much at fault as the women. They do not hold themselves aloof from another man because he has not a title; but they do not hesitate to think that, after all, when they stop to converse with one of that kind, they are doing him a great favor. The ladies of the nobility have nothing but a cold stare for anyone of their so-called inferiors, in case they should meet unexpectedly. This is because woman's position in society is more easily assailable than man's, and they are compelled to act in this way to keep the respect of their proud friends.

Thackeray portrays another character, which we have often seen in real life, whose vanity is the greatest ingredient in the composition of his disposition. This is old Osborne whose queer tactics brought his own life to end in grief, and filled his later years with unhappiness. And he was once a beggar, who now lives for wealth, and counts it the most desirable thing to have. This quotation unfolds his character.

"So she invites her father and sister to a second day's dinner (if those sides, or *ontrys*, as she calls 'em, weren't served yesterday, I'm d—d), and to meet city folks and littery men, and keeps the Earls and the Ladies, and the Honorables to herself. Honorables? Damn Honorables! I am a plain British merchant, I am; and could buy the beggarly hounds over and over. Lord, indeed!—Why, at one of the *swarveys* I saw one of 'em speak to a darn fiddler—a fellar I despise. And they won't come to Russell Square, won't they? Why, I'll lay my life I've got a better glass of wine, and pay a better figure for it, and can show a handsomer silver service, and lay a better dinner on my mahogany, than ever they see on theirs—the cringing, sneaking, stuck-up fools."

So it is with many who rise from a humble

station in life to a position about which much is said; and upon which the still unheard of people whom they left cast longing eyes. Which of us has not sacrificed a high position in one class in order to get into the lowest ranks of the next higher? Did we not then look contemptuously upon those we had left simply because the nabob of the school ventured to answer a few of our many questions and confer upon us other great marks of affection of this kind? And we were willing to stand the cuffs of the elder class rather than be supreme in the younger.

It has all been aptly said in the line, "What fools these mortals be!" Prompted by the desire of being seemingly above others—though they are not so in reality—people do most foolish things, make the greatest sacrifices, and at last, after they have wearied themselves in such labor, fall back into their old position, and realize that their golden hopes have turned to leaves and pebbles. Hopeful, mischievous Becky Sharp tries everything that she may be in the company of lords and ladies, and falls back into what would be misery for anyone but her. Women search for years in musty volumes to find the link to glorious ancestors; girls long to have a meaningless coat-of-arms with a Latin motto to deck the first page of their notes; men wish to have wealth to dazzle other men's eyes; and when we look into the heart of it all, we see nothing to make life happier or better. Let us conclude with Thackeray: "Ah! *vanitas vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied? Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

Varsity Verse.

LIFE AND DAY.

THE distant clouds like smouldering embers glow,
While twilight steals across the shaded-deep,
A trembling star of even, on the steep
Of heaven's blue, keeps watch o'er tides below.
The struggling streams of light broad shadows throw,
And lapping waters up the shingle creep;
Man sinks to rest, but nature knows no sleep,
And daylight falls before the night,—its foe.
And age is but a dim reflection cast
Of youth's bright fires, that once were all ablaze
With quick'ning stream of life and love's first breath.
Our stars, the deeds and memories of the past,
Up float beyond the glow, beyond the maze—
As day to night, so yields strong life to death.

T. B. R.

THE AWAKENING.

The winter's gone, and gentle spring
Its perfumes sweet and joys doth bring;
The wild flowers bloom, the rivers flow
And balmy winds o'er meadows blow,
And little blue-birds sweetly sing.

No more the frigid breezes sting
The rosy face; while sleigh bells ring
No longer—for the children know
The winter's gone.

To convent walls, fresh tendrils cling,
And out their tender leaflets fling;
Through all the land the farmers sow,
And trees once shorn, now bud and grow;
For Nature speaks as mighty King:
The winter's gone.

M. J. C.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

He always told the teacher
When the boys poked fun at him,
And his mamma he importuned
Before he went to swim.

But despite his blushing goodness
The teacher used to slap;
And mamma oft held him writhing
In her flagellative lap.

Take a lesson from his burdens:
Do not cry at every frown,
And your teacher will *admire* you,
If you petty tales keep down.

J. B.

A GENTLE PROTESTATION.

Time for me to write a song
To my pleading Marguerite;
But it takes, oh! such a long
Time for me to write a song,
That she really does me wrong
To ask it, but she is so sweet.
Time for me to write a song
To my pleading Marguerite.

M.

TO A ROSE.

From Anacreon.

Let us mingle Love's roses divine
In the blushing, sparkling wine,
Let us twine them in garlands bright,
As we drink with laughter light.

Rose! O sweetest of the flowers,
Culled in Nature's fairest bowers,
Favorite of smiling spring,
Joy to e'en the gods thou bring.

With thyself will Cupid bind
His ambrosial locks behind,
Leading all the nymph-like Graces
In the winding dance he traces.

Crown me, then, O Bacchus fair,
Weave the chaplets in my hair,
While beside thy templed shrine,
Wreathed in rosy eglantine
With some fairy maid I'll dance
Darting love at every glance.

J. McN.

A Winter Blossom.

J. FRANCIS CORR, '98.

It helped to brighten the window of Fred's room. At least he thought it did. It had been there for more than a week, and had lost all its beauty; but Fred kept it there—well, he would have blushed, no doubt—for Fred had not lost the pleasant art of blushing—if you had pressed him for the reason. Fred was a free-lance of fortune, a literary man whose views of life were youthfully optimistic, but whose cash account was, to quote his own words, everlastingly at the ebb of the tide. As for talent—there was not any doubt of his having that. At college he had been known to run off two sonnets in an evening, which argues facility, if nothing more. His muse had continued to be kind to him, and he never met with any difficulty in inflicting his "spasms," as he called them, upon the public. But the life of a minor poet is not an ideal one, cheques are too infrequent for that, and Fred's meagre earnings took unto themselves wings at the slightest provocation.

One afternoon he came home early—a bad sign, for he loved the streets and the crowds that surged by him, mindless of his interest. "This world is getting too practical for me," he muttered as he threw his top-coat over a chair. "That last song was a complete failure,—and all because a girl happened to have velvet eyes, and the critics do not know her. If they had only seen her the night she gave me that flower there, now, they wouldn't be so quick to storm at me for calling them velvety. But, great Jupiter! it's four o'clock. That dinner is at six, and she is to be there."

"Girlie, O girlie!"—this to the silent canary in the cage hanging by the window—"wake up, little bird."

"Heavens! but this coat is dusty. Girlie, do you think that she will be glad to see me?"

"Tweet, tweet."

"I will wear that withered blossom, and perhaps she will notice it. Eh, girlie?"

"Tweet, tweet, tweet."

"It is dead, but it lives in my memory."

"Tweet, tweet."

"O confound it! girlie. Say something new, will you?"

"Sweet, sweet, tweet, tweet, tweet."

"Yes, that's better. I wonder whether that Lord What's-his-name will be there or not?"

There's not much of the lord about him, He looks as mean as the professional nobleman of the comic papers. I don't believe he has sand enough in him to ask for the loan of a couple of hundreds. I suppose he thinks that we Americans should play flunkies to him—Jerusalem! where's that cuff-button?"

The cuff-button had rolled under the bed, and Fred scrambled after it. Just then Tom Hennessey rushed in.

"Say, Fred."

"Hello! Tom, wait a minute."

"Where are you?"

"Cruising after a cuff-button."

"Fred, it's a beastly shame."

"What is?"

"Why, that idiot—that mope of a Count—is going to marry Helen Johnson after all. He ought to be lynched, and all the rest of these blasted foreigners who carry off the finest of our girls. He—why, Fred, your face is as white as your shirt. What's up?"

"I hurt my back looking for that button. So,—that apology for a man struck luck, did he? . . . Tom, you remember how the Prince in Crawford's 'Children of the King' was sent to 'kingdom come.' If I could get Count Maccaroni, or whatever his name is, to take a sail with me some day, I think I'd send him to join his noble ancestors."

"Fred, you're in love."

"No; I was."

"Did she ever give you any encouragement?"

"Yes, but it's dead. There it is on the window."

"A winter blossom."

"Yes. But come on, Tom, I'm going to the Johnsons' to-night just for pure 'cussedness.' I'll wear that wreck of a flower, and I'll pay so much attention to the countess-that-is-to-be that Vermicelli will get excited. Then I will ask him out to smoke."

"Cigars?"

"Perhaps. But come on; it's half-past five."

"Fred, you'd better not go."

"Why?"

"Because you may get into trouble."

"If I do so much the better."

"She isn't worth it, old man. Come, Fred, take a brace and cut the dinner."

"Don't care whether she is or not, my boy, I'll be there. Are you coming?"

"Yes, I think you need some one to take care of you." They hailed a cab, and before Fred had formed a plan they were at the Johnsons'. At dinner Fred paid great attention to Helen, who

happened to sit directly opposite him. The withered flower in his coat attracted some attention, but to his intense disgust, the Count hardly noticed him, seeming to be wholly engrossed in the girl on his right. On his way to the billiard-room, after dinner, Fred met Tom Hennessey.

"Hello, Fred, been very successful?"

"Yes. I cut that crowned-head out completely."

"It seems queer that he didn't go into supper with her."

"Count on it, he's glad to get there with any one."

"Fred, you're bitter."

"Am I? Well, they say other things are sweet."

Through the open doors of the conservatory a sweet odor of flowers came to them, and as they finished speaking they heard some one singing. It was a girl's voice, soft and low. Jack closed his eyes. She was singing a simple, familiar melody, but to him it seemed like a strain of sad, sweet music floating by on the wings of night and silence. As you may have guessed before this, Fred was rather young and the least bit sentimental. Tom touched him, but Fred seemed as if in a trance. His cheeks were blanched; his lips tight shut. Tom saw at a glance what the trouble was.

"Fred, we'd better go."

Without answering, Fred turned and entered the conservatory. Helen sat at the piano, and the Count was bending over her.

"O Fred, I'm so glad you came in. Will you help us? We are trying this bit out of 'Il Trovatore.'"

"Ah! Monsieur, if you would honor us," smiled the Count.

"What part are we to sing?"

"Whatever pleases Monsieur the most."

"I prefer the *Miserere*."

"O Fred, why that part? It is too sad."

"Well, we all need—mercy."

"Monsieur has the feeling of gloom to-night."

Fred's eyes gleamed wickedly, but at that moment a servant entered and addressed the Italian:

"Miss Johnson is preparing to leave, your Grace."

Fred leaned against the piano. For a moment he heard a confused murmuring, and then all was still.

"Fred, what are you looking at?"

Helen Johnson touched him upon the arm. He was dazed, lost, overcome by wonderment and surprise.

"Isn't that fellow to be married?"

"The Count?"

"Yes."

"Of course. He is engaged to cousin Helen Johnson, the girl he sat by during dinner."

Fred collapsed and fell into a chair.

"Mr. Hanley, you are acting very strangely."

"O Lord, I'm a fool."

"I am going to the drawing-room."

"Helen."

"Well?"

"Do you see this blossom? When you gave it to me a few weeks ago, I cannot tell you how happy I was. To-day Tom Hennessey told me that you were going to marry the Count. And the light went out of my life."

"Is hope still dead?" Helen asked.

"You are the only one that can bring it to life."

"Indeed," she laughed. "How dramatic!" But she took the Jacqueminot from her hair and pinned it over the dead blossom on Fred's coat.

Book Notice

—The Shakspearean plays, "As You Like It," "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" and "The Merchant of Venice," have been added to the series of English classics published by Longmans, Green & Co. These books are intended for class-reading in secondary schools. Prof. Wendell, of Harvard, has written the Introduction to "As You Like It," and William Lyon Phelps, instructor in English at Yale, supplied the notes. These notes are at the bottom of the page as they should be placed; they are also concise, which is an advantage in books of this kind when intended for the use of young students. "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" is edited by Prof. Baker of Harvard. The notes are again at the bottom of the page and they are very satisfactory. There is a photogravure of an Elizabethan stage as a frontispiece and the Introduction is a close description of the Shakspearean theatre. "The Merchant of Venice" is edited by Prof. Gummere, and it is a really valuable bit of Shakspearean work. The notes are at the end of the volume. The Introduction contains much necessary information presented in a practical form, and the suggestions for teachers are written in a spirit of high criticism unusual in books of this class. Professor Gummere's book would be useful for college classes.

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Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
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The Staff.

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FRANCIS O'MALLEY,	} Reporters.
JOHN F. FENNESSEY,	

—If there was anything more disheartening than the occasional ragged work of our players, last Sunday, it was the lack of team work and enthusiasm on the part of our "rooters." Our friends from South Bend, with far less at stake, were thrice as demonstrative as the scattered groups of Notre Dame men who looked coldly on, or raised a feeble clatter of applause when some one made a brilliant play. In union there is strength—in union of hearts and voices, and unity of purpose. What Brownson and Sorin should do is to fill that lesser grand-stand behind "first," and cheer every bit of clever work until the man that made it knows what "having the fellows with you" means. Then we shall win games, and we shall see snappy plays at the afternoon practice. If there's a frog in your throat, get it out, and remember you are a man and not a dawdling, useless stick.

—From the *Colorado Catholic* we reprint the following editorial notice of our esteemed Professor of Literature:

The New York *Freeman's Journal* contains an admirable article in defence of Dr. Zahm's new work, "Evolution and Dogma," as against the criticisms of Rt. Rev. Mgr. De Concilio, from the pen of Austin O'Malley, Ph. D., of Notre Dame University. In this article Dr. O'Malley

appears to us in a new light. He, it will be remembered, succeeded Maurice Francis Egan in the chair of literature at Notre Dame. Dr. Egan's departure has been much talked about, which, together with other circumstances, naturally made the position of his successor at least embarrassing. From the first, however, Dr. O'Malley has shown himself able to fill to an exacting nicety the position so honorably held by his distinguished predecessor. The lectures and writings of Dr. O'Malley, which have appeared during the year, have shown that the University of Notre Dame has in its chair of literature, one of the best qualified teachers in the country. But the point to which we call attention, and at which we profess some surprise, is the fact that Dr. O'Malley appears to be much more, very much more, than the average college *littérateur*. His article in the *Freeman's Journal* shows that he is not only the possessor of a vast and varied scientific knowledge, but that he is a very master of controversial expression. The University of Notre Dame is, indeed, to be congratulated on the happy circumstances which gave to it Dr. O'Malley.

—With the wine of the April sunshine in our veins, and a thousand shades of green before our eyes, it seems a far cry to foot-ball, and the feats of last autumn's Varsity. But Mr. A. J. Stott, himself a college man, and the left half-back of the '94 Wabash team, brings back the frost, and the fervor of the crisp November days. He has made a very elaborate and distinctly handsome volume which he calls, rightly enough, "Indiana Foot-Ball." It is an oblong octavo, full of pictures and breezy sketches of the forty-odd teams that whacked pig-skin, last fall, within the limits of this Hoosier state. It is a book for college men and lovers of our national game. He has been kind to Notre Dame—kinder, perhaps, than the position we occupy in Indiana football circles would warrant. There are good plates of our '94 and '95 teams, and individual half-tones of the captain and manager of '95 and the captain of '96. There is a full-page picture, too, of the Light Artillery team, the noblest of our adversaries. The volume is from the press of the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, and it is almost too luxurious to be in keeping with the dirt-begrimed canvas and woolens of the men it celebrates. The paper is excellent, the pictures are unusually good, and every man and boy at Notre Dame should purchase a copy of the book. It will be put on sale in the Students' Office within a week. It is published at one dollar per copy, but for the present may be ordered through any member of the '95 Varsity at seventy-five cents. Buy one and keep it; it is certainly the handsomest foot-ball book we have ever seen.

Notre Dame, 13; Senators, 14.

Notre Dame opened the baseball season Sunday last with a game with the "Senators," of South Bend. Loose fielding and poor team work characterized the playing of both teams. Had all our men been in their places, we could easily have beaten the "Senators." Gibson was ill, and Browne, who played second base in his place, was quite unfamiliar with the position. Bulger was also to have played an infield position, but a sore knee-cap prevented him; Kelly, though indisposed, played first; little Fitzpatrick was put in the box, and, while in no condition to pitch nine innings, held out gamely to the last. He weakened perceptibly in the last two innings, but truly deserves the credit showered upon him for his good work. The "Senators" have nine good ball-players in their team, and with practice they should become one of the leading amateur nines of the state.

Notre Dame was the first at bat. After both Daly and Hindel had struck out, Browne walked to first on balls. An error by Lipps gave Kelly his base and advanced Browne to second. Two passed balls and Monahan's clean single scored both runners. Hesse was an easy out. Two runs scored.

Hindel fumbled Neenan's grounder long enough to give him his base. Lipps hit to Hindel; Neenan was forced at second, but Kelly let Browne's high-thrown ball pass by him, and Lipps reached third. He scored a moment later on a slow return of the ball to the pitcher. Cross secured a base on balls, but the next two men were easy outs.

Sauter got his base on McCabe's error, a steal, a sacrifice by Campbell and Fitzpatrick's pretty single to right scored him. Daly's sacrifice advanced Fitzpatrick to third, but Hindel's out at first kept him there. The "Senators" could not score in their half. Browne made a grand-stand spot of Luther's hard drive, and the other batters were easy outs.

Browne and Kelly hit for a single each; Monahan hit to Lipp's, and Browne was caught off third. Hesse got a base on balls, but the next batsmen were unequal to the emergency, and three men were left on bases. The "Senators" went out in one, two, three order.

Poor fielding on the part of the "Senators," McCabe himself making three errors, stolen bases by Fitzpatrick, Daly and Browne, and hits by Monahan and Hesse gave our team four runs

before the side was put out in the fourth. A muff by Hesse of McCabe's sky-scraper, a steal, a base on balls to Rapp, Kelly's miss of Smith's ball, filled the bases. Luther's fine drive scored two. Silvers struck out; Daly made a clever catch of Cordray's high fly, and Smith scored on a sacrifice. Neenan's hit gave the "Senators" another run, though. Lipps got his base on balls; Cross struck out, and ended the run-getting for the inning. Score, 7 to 5.

After Fitzpatrick went out from Cross to Lipps, Daly drove a two-bagger along the third base line, but the crowd swarming over the third base line obscured Umpire McManus's view, and he called it a foul. Daly quite unconcernedly whacked the next ball pitched to left centre for three bases; he scored on Browne's hit, but the next batsmen were easy outs. The "Senators" could do nothing with Fitz's delivery in this inning. In the sixth inning errors and a passed ball scored Hesse, while Hindel's error, a base on balls and two passed balls gave the "Senators" two runs. The seventh inning was barren of runs for both teams. The eighth netted Notre Dame one, but a hit by Lipps, a steal and two sacrifices gave the "Senators" a run and tied the score.

After Sauter had been thrown out in the ninth, Campbell made first on a broad throw. Fitzpatrick hit safe to right. A yell greeted Daly when he came to bat. He, for the second time of the game, drove the ball to left centre for three bags, bringing in the two men on bases; he scored on Silver's error of Hindel's hit. A steal and Browne's high fly to centre, which Rapp muffed, scored Hindel. The next batsman went out. With the score 13 to 9 in our favor, the "Senators" came in and took the game. Three errors, two steals, three hits, one of them a two bagger by Neenan, another a single by McCabe, when three men were on bases scored five runs and won the game. South Benders' howled themselves hoarse and broke their canes and umbrellas over each other's backs in their glee. The game was only a practice one, and, of course, counted for naught. It was a much better game than the first one of last year, when the score ran into the twenties and the Gold and Blue lost.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Daly, l. f.	6	3	2	1	2	0	1
Hindel, s. s.	6	1	0	0	2	4	4
Browne (Cap't), 2 b.	6	2	1	0	2	2	1
Kelly, l. b.	6	1	1	0	12	0	2
Monahan, r. f.	6	1	3	0	9	9	9

Hesse, c. f.	5	1	1	0	2	0	0
Sauter, 3d b.	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Campbell, c.	5	1	1	1	5	3	1
Fitzpatrick, p.	5	2	2	0	0	4	1
<i>Totals</i>	50	13	11	2	25*	13	10

SENATORS	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Neenan, r. f.	6	2	3	0	0	0	0
Lipps (Cap't), 3 b.	6	3	1	0	4	2	2
Cross, 2 b.	6	1	1	0	0	4	0
McCabe, s. s and l. f.	5	1	2	1	2	1	5
Rapp, c. f.	5	1	1	0	1	0	1
Smith, c.	5	1	1	0	6	0	1
Luther, l. b.	5	2	2	0	11	0	1
Silvers, l. f. and s. s.	5	1	1	0	1	0	1
Cordray, p	5	2	2	1	2	3	1
<i>Totals</i>	48	14	14	2	27	10	12

NOTRE DAME:—2 1 0 4 1 1 0 0 4=13

SENATORS:—1 0 0 4 0 2 0 2 5=14

SUMMARY: 3 Base Hits, Daly, 2. 2 Base Hits, Neenan. Stolen Bases, Notre Dame, 10; Senators, 12. Struck out by Fitzpaarick, 8; by Cordray, 5. Base on Balls, by Fitzpatrick, 5; by Cordray, 3. Passed Balls, Campbell, 3; Smith, 4. Time, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Umpire, McManus; Scorer, Miller.

Exchanges.

—For some time the young women of the Northwestern University have been putting their heads together to edit an issue of the *Northwestern* that should exclusively be their own work, and should show what they are capable of doing. The *Northwestern* is the only college paper we receive that is above stooping to the vanity of parading before its readers any indication of the literary qualifications which its contributors may enjoy. By this we mean that, with two or three paltry exceptions, we have not seen in the *Northwestern* any attempt at essay-writing as manifested in the pages of all other college journals. Instead the *Northwestern* is made up of announcements and *résumés* of college events, past and future, which must furnish agreeable reading to students who, as a rule, are not in need of a college paper to inform them as to what is taking place around them. Doubtless, the peculiar character of the *Northwestern* is taken as a sign of an advanced position in college journalism.

The "women's edition" has not thought fit to follow the example of the "men's edition," but has given as three samples of essays and some engaging remarks on athletics as practised by the girls. These remarks on athletics are about the best of the contributions to the paper, for, taken together, the essays do not rise above

mediocrity. The opinions of the faculty, sedulously gathered, about women as students, tend to show that the women of Northwestern University are cleverer than the men.

We were particularly surprised to learn that in the study of German, especially, they are ahead of their brother-students as they are blessed with the possession of "A more musical ear, and of a nature more finely strung." This interviewing of the faculty was undertaken by the young ladies and reported in their journal "not with the aim of making invidious comparisons,"—of course not—but simply, we suppose, of having yet another pot of incense offered to female vanity already so amusingly obtrusive. We shall be convinced of the superiority of the women students over the men students of the Northwestern University only when they will have presented us with a specimen of their long-hoarded powers greatly superior to that exhibited in the present "women's edition."

* * *

The principal feature of the present *University Cynic* is a twofold attempt to rival the audacity of the worthy Baron Munchausen. The "yarns" of the "Unprecedented" and of "her great grandfather" show rich imagination, appreciation of the ridiculous and admirable ease of expression. These are qualities which are admirable in themselves, but which, when untempered by a sense of the fitness of things, are liable to lead to buffoonery. A want of taste is noticeable in the sonnet, also—a poem which, in other respects, is a worthy specimen of college verse. A pretty description of a lady's little ear may certainly be enhanced by a charming simile, but it is surely out of place beside the solemn feelings and solemn melody of the lines against which it is patched; while the conclusion of the poem is, though doubtless unintentionally, harsher and more profane than Shelley's lines to the "Unknown." Devotion to a creature may be all very well in its sphere, but if pursued in the sacred presence of the Creator and in marked contempt of Him it is the indelicacy of brutishness and an abomination. This may seem an outburst of indignant righteousness more in keeping with the custom of the pulpit than with that of a college paper, and, as such, as much out of place as the fault it would condemn; but a man with half an eye will see it is nothing more than an appeal to common-sense to suppress a species of thoughtless flippancy too common in some of our exchanges.

Athletic Notes.

The Varsity's game with the "Senators" taught us many things. One of them was that we need not fear that our boys will ever shame us. Taking the Varsity, all in all, the prospects for the team are brighter than they were at this time last year. If the fielding was a disappointment, the batting, to a great extent, made up for the deficiency. That's what we couldn't claim for last year's Varsity at this early date. It is far easier to develop a good fielder than a sure batter. And for that reason, if for no other, we ought to have confidence in our nine. It will be, at all events, the strongest that care and good-will can make it.

Our team-work, last Sunday, was very ragged. There was none of that settled confidence which is the product of time and hard practice. But, then, the men have not been together long enough to be familiar with each other's style of play. No one is to blame for this. It is a feature of all early spring games and will, of course, be eliminated by constant practice.

In whatever way we view the players, there is ample room for improvement. Campbell caught a good game considering his sore finger. He is rather slow, however, in throwing to bases and a little uncertain in catching the third strikes, otherwise he has in him the making of a first-class catcher. Fitzpatrick did all, and even more, than was expected of him. His work, both in the box and with the stick, deserves nothing but praise. Hindel had an off-day, apparently, for his work fell far below the showing he has made in his daily practice.

Kelly's batting was strong, but his fielding and base-running were mediocre. It is to be regretted that he has, at present, no dangerous competitor for first-base. Captain Browne is not yet up to last year's form; but his work was by far the best of that of the infielders. Despite the fact that his responsibility as captain retards his practice, he is in fine condition. Sauter had no opportunity to display his abilities except in batting and base-running. He showed up strong in both.

Daly, as usual, came out with a dash that set the rooters wild. After making a single, a double, and two difficult catches he put a good finish to his work by driving in two runs with a long three-bagger to left-field. He plays with a dash and vim that is captivating, and he does not seem to care the least bit whether the grand stand sees him or not.

Hesse played well all around. His throwing from the field was superb. R. Monahan batted far better than was expected of him. He is a little slow in returning a ball to the infield, but otherwise he made a good showing. O'Brien ran bases like a veteran. His chances for the team ought to be first class.

W. P. B.

Personals.

—William Land, of Carroll Hall, received a visit from his mother in the early part of the week.

—Dr. R. Griffin, of Lincoln, Neb., visited his two sons, Harry and Robert, on Sunday last.

—Mr. Fielding rode from Chicago on his wheel last Saturday afternoon, and spent Sunday with his son Stanley, of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Julian Kune, of Chicago, Ill., paid a visit to the University on Monday last, and at the same time entered his son as a student in the Minim department.

—Mr. C. Mooney, '82-'7, is one of Toledo's most promising young business men. He is proprietor of a flourishing tobacco business in that city, and thus far fortune has smiled upon him. We hope that if Mr. Mooney ever journeys in this direction he will not forget to visit us, and we assure him his welcome will be a hearty one.

—Thomas Ewing Steele is practising law in Ohio's capital city. He already ranks very high in his profession and is looked upon as a man destined to great things. Columbus is noted for its eminent lawyers, but Mr. Steele is rapidly pushing his way to the front, and we feel confident that he will soon be among the leaders. The SCHOLASTIC extends to him its best wishes for future success.

—This week the University was honored by the visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop Medlycott, Vicar Apostolic of Trichar on the Malabar Coast in India. For hours his Lordship agreeably entertained a large circle of listeners on the condition of far-away lands. He was pleased to see the interest taken at Notre Dame in topics relating to the East as evinced by the various questions put to him. As there is no better authority than the Bishop on such matters. Desire for information was fully satisfied on such points as the early emigrations of the Indo-Aryans, the character of the Vedic hymns, the degree of culture reached by the Brahmins before the Greek invasion, the teaching of the Brahmins regarding caste, the immortality of the soul and the use of animal food, the hindrances to the spread of Christianity, and the idolatry and social customs of the Hindoos. The Bishop was next questioned about the modern progress in Japan, and the condition of China and Mongolia, as also about the influence of Russia in these countries. He answered our inquiries with the exactness of an eye-witness, and, incidentally, warned us against accepting everything in the newspapers concerning the East. Dr. Medlycott evinced the greatest interest in the University, seeing everything for himself, even the smallest details, and expressed himself agreeably surprised at the degree of efficiency reached by Notre Dame.

Local Items.

—Northwestern next! Don't let them beat you in the last inning.

—The Minims are indebted to Bishop Medlycott for a half holiday.

—The Carrollites have begun their evening walks on "rec" nights, and have already had several pleasant strolls.

—Brother Albeus has had a force of men at work grading Carroll campus. The Specials' diamond has been graded and rolled. It is now one of the best diamonds in the college.

—During the week the class in Modern History have been taken to the Library by Prof. Edwards, who gives them every opportunity to begin original research on the subjects treated of in the class-room.

—The Varsity go to practice with commendable regularity. There will be several changes in the make-up of the team before we meet Northwestern. Captain Browne is doing everything to encourage his men.

—Not a dog can be found of the score
That was wont to stay with us of yore,
For the canines have learned
That our Pete has returned
From the far Californian shore.

—By the time the SCHOLASTIC will have been issued, the Competitions will be finished. O dear Faculty, if you only knew and *felt* how unpleasant, how annoying, how *hard* these competitions are for us, you would abolish them.

—One of the Brownson Hall team that played on Carroll campus last Thursday said that his club would have won the game if they hadn't knocked the ball into the hands of the Carrolls. That young man is a substitute on the Varsity team! Captain Browne, look to him.

—Several new cases were placed in the library. These will soon be filled with the rare treasures and relics, which Prof. Edwards has collected in the interests of the Bishops' Memorial Hall. The space is rather crowded, but that will be remedied when the new library becomes a fact.

—The crews have been selected, the floating piers have begun to float, and Charley Niezer has purchased a gallon of witch-hazel—so everything is in readiness for the spring races. The new piers are a big improvement on the old ones, and reflect great credit on their architect and builder, Mr. Edgar Crilly.

—The days are slipping apace, and the track teams of Sorin and Brownson Halls are still under cover. There can be found no fault with the weather. Track athletics at Notre Dame will never amount to anything until the captains try to put energy and enthusiasm into their men. Now is the time to do it.

—With the new "bleachers," the improve-

ments on the grand-stand, the removal of the pump, the widening of the bicycle track, and the changing of the diamond, we are hardly able to recognize our campus. The Athletic Association and the students in general owe much to Brother Hugh for directing the improvements.

—The same tardiness is observable in our yelling as that which characterized it in previous years. During the game with the "Senators," there was very little rooting until the last inning, when the encouragement given the team resulted in four additional runs. Why not take out your horns and use them during the early part of the game? By this means you will make the first innings as interesting as the last.

—The Carroll baseball Specials have regained, at one bound, their former prominence in baseball circles. The ex-Carrolls, flushed by a victory over St. Joseph's team, played upon the Carroll campus, and were defeated by a score of 6 to 2. The features of the game were the battery work of Herrmann and Lowery for the Carrolls—ten men being struck out by the former; and a magnificent running catch by Wallace of the ex-Carrolls.

—The "bleachers" made some noise during the game with the "Senators" last week, but not enough to do any good. That is what the bleachers are there for, ye "rooters"—to give you an opportunity to yell and stamp and raise a "racket" generally, in order to help Captain Browne's men to win the game. It would liven up some of the silent ones if they would sit near Mr. Jenaro Davila for nine innings. A few more Davilas among the "bleacher" critics and our team would play better ball.

—It was gratifying to notice the dignity with which South Benders "rooted" for their team on the 19th. In the "bleachers," on the west side of the diamond, there was collected as gentlemanly and orderly a crowd of visitors as ever witnessed a game of ball here. Such men are always welcome, and may be sure that their presence on the Notre Dame Campus will be taken as a compliment by the Varsity. Would that we could say as much for those who lined up on the east side of the diamond.

—Mr. Girardi is the greatest fisherman Brownson Hall has seen since the days when Mr. Thomas Cavanagh, of Cook County, Ill., was one of us. Mr. Girardi has been fishing in St. Joseph's Lake nearly every day this week, and each day he has captured a large string of bass. Doctor Piquette has also been busy with rod and line. He went fishing during the half-past nine "rec" on Friday, and inside of fifteen minutes had captured one eel, three mud-turtles, a crawfish, two frogs and a sucker.

—During the mid-day meal in the Carroll refectory last Sunday, various guesses were made as to the reason why Flynn, Herron and the others upon a certain table were not eating their tarts. They were still more surprised

when they saw the tarts disappearing in the direction of another table. The mystery was solved afterwards. A baseball game was played and Flynn's eaters were defeated. Herron says that he has shrunk so, that no more challenges will be accepted if he has anything to say.

—The gentlemen who are partial to farmhouse lunches are having a hard time of it lately. A few weeks ago they could laugh a merry laugh after they had crossed the "stile," because they had left all danger behind; but it is different now. They are compelled to work so hard skulking from hedge to hedge and avoiding the roads, that the milk and cake hardly repay them for their trouble. Some people think the bicycle is a blessing to mankind, but the "skivers" are not included in this list.

—The "Boss," the great unterrified, has found one who has the courage to dispute him, one in whose back-yard he cannot run at will. But that is nothing to the "Boss." He has conquered all the land about Sorin, and the inhabitants thereof flee at his approach—for the tongue appertaining to the "Boss" is hanged in the middle and his speech runs on like the "Brook" of Alfred Tennyson—and the loss of the control of that narrow strip of greensward before the new Community House is a matter too trivial to ruffle the "Boss's" little soul.

—We have in our midst a man who derives his name from one of the greatest of Irish Kings; his valor from one of our sturdy American Admirals, and sundry other names and virtues from noble families on both sides of the house. He is, first of all, *un chevalier sans peur, sans reproche*. Then he is an orator of no mean ability. He is, moreover, a sonneteer of the deepest dye. He is besides a whist player of the Cavendish type. Versatile, genial, humorous, witty,—nay more, side-splitting—he is ready for any thing at any time. We are proud of him.

—The time for the oratorical contest and the trials in elocution draws near, and aspiring seekers after fame and gold medals should polish their buskins and have their togas pressed. Another formality which, in former years, some of our Booths and Cochranes have neglected, to their sorrow, is the formal entering of their names in the book kept for that purpose by the Reverend Director of Studies. Look to it, O Silver-Tongued, that you declare your intentions to him, before the May-time comes, lest ye be cast forth as of the unqualified.

—If there were an open competition in pole-climbing, our imported sailor-man would rank the world. The gales that April borrowed from her blustering predecessor smashed the pulley just beneath the gold ball that tips the University flag-staff, and for a week "Old Glory" was condemned to languish in a darksome chest.

It was no easy task to climb the pole, but an old ship carpenter was found to do the work, and now the Stars and Stripes floats out again. For two days the slender, swaying staff and the black blot that crept higher every hour were the marks of attraction, and something like a sigh of relief went up when the work was done and the man was safe on the ground. Our baseball team and our apathetic "rooters" might take a lesson from the patience of the climber. It is just as hard to put the Gold and Blue "at the peak" as it was to make a way for "Old Glory."

—Brownson Hall has a prodigy—a real, live one, though his picture has never appeared in the daily papers. He knows everything that can be known, and a little more besides. He'd be an "amusin' little cuss" were it not for his enormous jaw and huge cheek, that distinguish him from his fellows. Why, he can go into the pitcher's box, after trying in vain to work the Prefect of Discipline for a bill to the Infirmary, be knocked all over the lot, and then make an affidavit that he was not supported and that the umpire sold the game. And you should see him try to browbeat the umpire! He does it in a way copied from an old model in the "Pugilist's Guide." Doubling up his little fists, he declares, in the worst of Bowery, that he'll send the umpire to his family undertaker. But, he doesn't mean it. The umpire knows him, and he is labelled harmless. But, lately, a fear has taken possession of us all—what if a stranger should take little Johnnie seriously and try to kick sense into him. We'd lose our prodigy then, for when our little friend from Cripple Creek gets an ounce of wit, he'll become an every-day sensible mortal, and we shall have no one to amuse us. Please don't harm him, cruel stranger.

—A picked team from Brownson Hall, made up of five ex-Carrolls and four others who make pretensions to ball playing, set out, last Thursday, to teach the Carroll Specials how to play baseball. But the latter knew more about the game than their self-appointed instructors. At the end of the eighth inning the score was 9 to 0, and the Carrolls had the 9. Then the Brownson rooters gathered on the side-lines and helped their club in scoring four runs. The game was interesting, and was lost by Brownson Hall because Ducey was in the box. This boy has plainly shown that he cannot play ball; and the marvel is that the team allow him to impose upon them.

The conduct of the Carrolls was in quiet contrast to the contemptible behavior of some of the players from Brownson Hall. During the ninth inning, five of the latter got behind the third base and gave an exhibition of babyism. Notwithstanding the protests of the Carroll captain and the orders of the umpire, they continued their antics, and spoiled an otherwise good game. There seemed to be

no organization in the team—every player quarreled as he chose with the umpire. The better element of Brownson Hall should take action in the matter and keep the children at home.

SOCIETY NOTES.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting of the Athletic Association on Sunday, April 26. All are requested to be present; for matters of vital importance to athletics at Notre Dame will be discussed. Members from Sorin Hall are particularly requested to attend.

THE CARROLL ARCHCONFRATERNITY attended Mass the other morning, which was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Medlycott, of India. After the Mass he outlined, in a few, impressive words, the course which all God-loving Christians should follow. He clearly defined the relation of the spiritual to the worldly, and the mental to the moral.

THE ST. CECILIANS held their regular meeting on last Wednesday evening. The programme of the evening was unusually interesting. It consisted of a reading by Mr. Walsh, and a debate, "Which is the greater crime, slander or theft?" Mr. Druiding, Mr. Loomis and Mr. Shields endeavored to prove that slander was the greater fault. Messrs. Cornell and Fennessey were their opponents. The judges declared that neither side had the advantage. Mr. Druiding spoke on "The obstinacy of a mild-mannered boy;" Mr. Schoenbein on "The Inconvenience of an empty pocket," and Mr. Fennessey "On the Antiquity of the X ray." The meeting then concluded with a reading by the Rev. Director—"A Base Runner's Soliloquy."

LAW DEBATING SOCIETY.—Those who attended the Law Debating Society at its last meeting enjoyed an unusual treat. Mr. McManus was to conclude his argument for the affirmative on the question: "Resolved, That single blessedness is real blessedness," and he was in his most happy mood. He acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the army of bachelors who had gathered to hear him; and not only did he soothe them with rose-tinted pictures of the ideal in their own lives, but he sent a ray of hope into each one of their single hearts by hinting of a closer community of interest with St. Mary's, perhaps, in the not distant future. After the speech of Mr. McManus, Colonel Hoynes announced the close of the debate with apposite remarks. The judges then awarded the honors of the discussion to the negative of the question. Both sides were complimented upon the able manner in which the debate had been conducted by them. The affirmative was represented by Messrs. McManus and Confer, and the negative by Messrs. Magruder and Brucker. Some of the ladies of South Bend, it is averred, presented Mr. Magruder with a huge box of Marechal Neils for the fire and spirit he showed in upholding their cause.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Brennan, Barrett, Bennett, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Cavanagh, Eyanson, Fagan, Gaukler, Gallagher, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, Magruder, McNamara, Mott, McManus, McKee, McDonough, Pulskamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Shannon, Sullivan, Slevin, Stace, Steele, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Ball, J. H. Browne, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Burke, Blackman, Bertholet, Brucker, E. Campbell, M. Campbell, Chase, Crilly, Cypher, John Corby, Joseph Corby, Clendenin, Carney, Crane, T. Cullen, Davila, B. Daly, Delaney, M. Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Dukette, Eyanson, Forbing Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanagan, Farrell, Fitzgerald Farley, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Golden, Galen, Gebhart, Hay, F. Hesse, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, J. Hesse, Henry, Hinde, Kegler, J. Kelley, E. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kerwin, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medley, Moran, H. A. Miller, Mathewson, Murphy, R. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, Mueller, McGinnis, McCarty, McPhee, McKenzie, McCormack, McGuire, Niezer, Nevius, F. O'Malley, T. O'Brien, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Phelps, Pim, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Rowan, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon Smith, Strauss, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Tong, Thiele, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wallace, Wheeler, G. Wilson, Wagner, Wade, L. Wurzer, R. O'Malley,

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, J. Berry, Burns, G. Burke, Begley, Bernardin, Cornell, Crowds, Cave, Cuneo, Curtis, Crepeau, Cowie, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Donovan, Erhart, Franey, Fuhrer, Flynn, Fox, Foster, Fischer, Frank, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Garza, Gerardi, Hermann, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hayes, Healy, Hoban, Hunt, Jelonak, Kay, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Koehler, Krug, Landers, Leach, Long, Langley, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Lehman, Moorhead, J. Meagher, Moss, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, Mulcare, L. Meagher, McElroy, McNamara, F. McNichols, McCorry, Noonan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Malley, Pendleton, Plunkett, Page, Pulford, Quandt, Rasche, P. Regan, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shiels, Smith, Stearns, Schoenbein, Summers, Sheekey, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Sanford, Saul, Schaffhauser, Stare, Thams, Tescher, Tuohy, Waterson, Walsh, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Ward, Wilson, Wells, Weadock, Webb, Zaehnlé, Welker.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, L. Abrahams, J. Atkinson, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, F. Breslin, J. Bullen, I. Bergeron, W. Bullen, F. Brissenden, N. Brissenden, W. Blanchfield, F. Cottin, C. Campbell, P. Côté, R. Catchpole, J. Coquillard, C. Cressey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, K. Casparis, J. Cunnea, R. Clark, G. Davis, B. Davis, A. Davidson, G. Dugas, R. Dowling, O. Ehrlich, E. Elliott, E. Ernst, T. Fetter, P. Fitzgerald, W. Finnerty, A. Flynn, E. Flynn, S. Fielding, N. Freeman, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, D. Goff, H. Giffin, R. Giffin, L. Hart, L. Hubbard, L. Hammer, W. Hall, M. Jonquet, G. Kopf, L. Kelly, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, J. Lawton, J. Mulcare, J. Morehouse, W. Maher, G. Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, C. Marshall, H. McMaster, R. McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, W. Plunkett, A. Phillips, J. Polk, C. Paul, J. Pyle, L. Pattée, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, J. Quinlan, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, E. Swan, D. Spillard, T. Sexton, H. Sontag, L. Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, F. Waite, L. Weidner, F. Welch, G. Wilde, L. Weber.